



The WOMAN and the DOCTOR.

ONCE on a time, a blear-ey'd Dame,
The Patient of a Sage became,
Who had,---besides the art of *healing*,
Another sort of art call'd *stealing*!
So that whene'er his drugs he ply'd,
Something his loss of time supply'd;

Till

Till by degrees, repeat
Had in the apartment n
At last when Madam's
The Doctor who so close
Priding himself that the
With eager haste deman
' Hold, quoth the Dam
' No right have you--m
' In former days, thoug
' I things of worth cou
' But now my sight's r
' I nothing in my room

*Succeeding wrongs wi
All memory of former*